

#1

"THE  
SEVENTH  
DAY"  
STARTS

NOW!

SOULE • SUDŽUKA • MILLA

# DAREDEVIL

#15

MARVEL



WHEN MATT MURDOCK WAS A KID, HE LOST HIS SIGHT IN AN ACCIDENT INVOLVING A TRUCK CARRYING RADIOACTIVE CHEMICALS. THOUGH HE COULD NO LONGER SEE, THE CHEMICALS HEIGHTENED MURDOCK'S OTHER SENSES AND IMBUED HIM WITH AN AMAZING 360-RADAR SENSE. NOW MATT USES HIS ABILITIES TO FIGHT FOR HIS CITY. HE IS THE *MAN WITHOUT FEAR*. HE IS...

# DAREDEVIL

DAREDEVIL'S PROTÉGÉ BLINDSPOT WENT UP ALONE AGAINST THE MASS-MURDERING INSTALLATION ARTIST KNOWN AS MUSE. DAREDEVIL SHOWED UP JUST IN TIME TO SEE MUSE GOUGE OUT BLINDSPOT'S EYES—AND WHILE MUSE ENDED UP IN THE HANDS OF THE AUTHORITIES, NOW MATT MUST LIVE WITH HIS GUILT...

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NEW YORK CITY.  
THE BAR WITH NO NAME.  
DAY TWO.

This damn place.  
No official name,  
no official address.

It moves around. Gets shut  
down, gets blown up, burns  
to the ground, pops up again  
a few months later.

It's where the bad  
guys come to unwind.  
To talk shop.

Compare fractures  
from the last time they  
did something idiotic and  
the good guys had to  
gently convince them of  
the error of their ways.

The address is passed  
around by word of mouth.  
Hush-hush, all the time.  
One of the biggest  
secrets on the street.

We always find it,  
though. *Always*.  
These people  
are idiots.

SO...YOU  
COME TO FREDDY  
THICK WANTING TO ARRANGE  
A LITTLE HIT, EH? A LITTLE  
ERASURE.

WHAT YOU  
SAY YOUR NAME  
WAS AGAIN?

MIKE.

OKAY,  
MIKE. NOW YOU  
TELL ME FIRST THING--  
WHO THE TARGET BE?  
WHO YOU WANT  
TO ERASE?

Still. They have  
their uses.

DAREDEVIL.

The Seventh Day,  
Part 1



ST. LUKE'S  
PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL.  
DAY ONE.

Sam Chung.  
Blindspot.  
My student.

You  
trusted  
me.

I am so  
sorry.

IS HE  
AWAKE?

He's not. His heartbeat tells  
me he's out like a light. But it's  
important to keep up appearances.

NO. WE HAVE  
HIM SEDATED. HE  
NEEDS TO REST, MORE  
THAN ANYTHING  
ELSE.

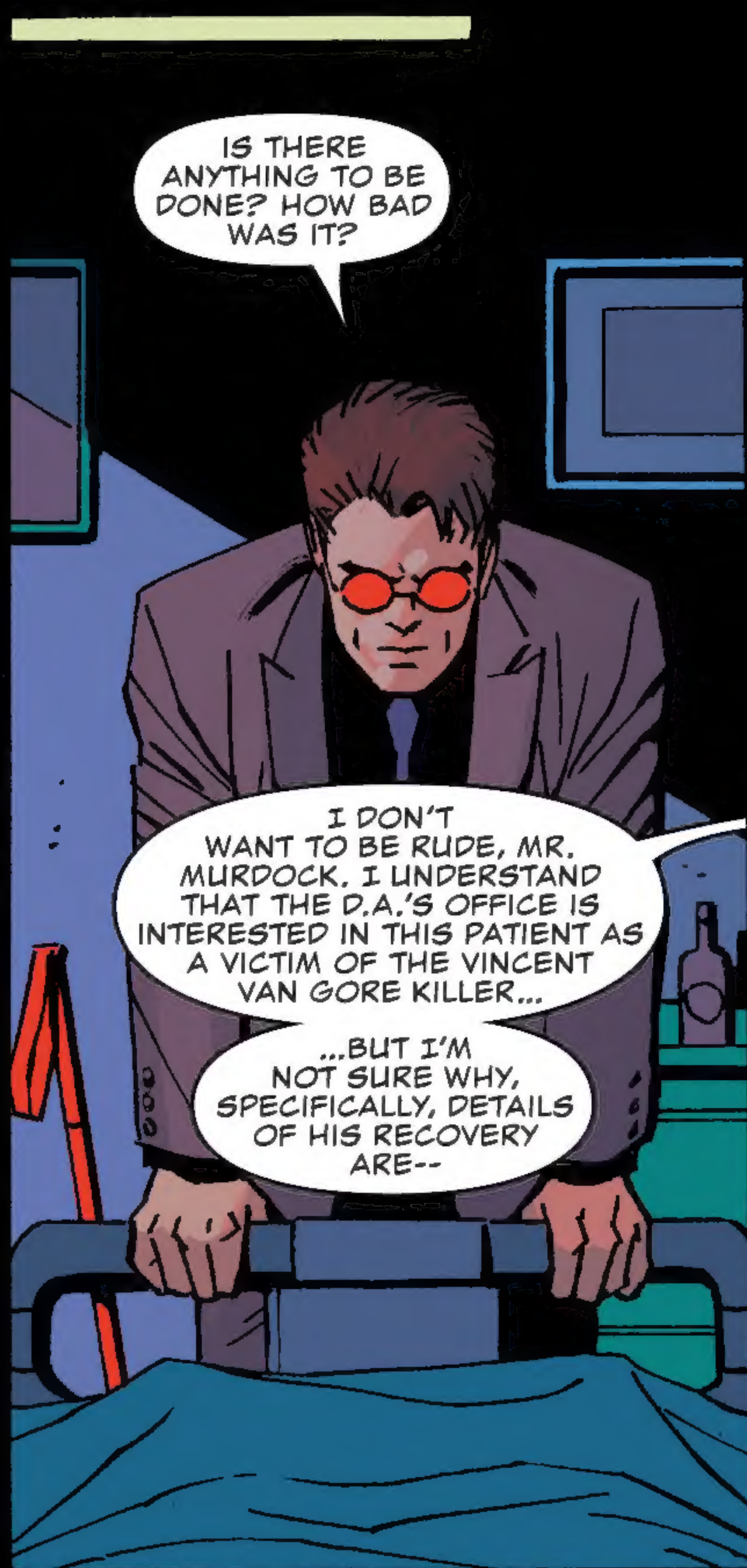
IS HE IN  
DANGER?

PHYSICALLY, HE'S STABLE.  
BUT MENTALLY...WE WON'T  
KNOW FOR A  
WHILE.

LOSING  
YOUR SIGHT AFTER A  
TRAUMATIC INCIDENT CAN HAVE  
LONG-LASTING EFFECTS,  
ESPECIALLY WHEN  
YOU'RE YOUNG.

I'M  
AWARE.





IS THERE ANYTHING TO BE DONE? HOW BAD WAS IT?

I DON'T WANT TO BE RUDE, MR. MURDOCK. I UNDERSTAND THAT THE D.A.'S OFFICE IS INTERESTED IN THIS PATIENT AS A VICTIM OF THE VINCENT VAN GORE KILLER...

...BUT I'M NOT SURE WHY, SPECIFICALLY, DETAILS OF HIS RECOVERY ARE--



HE WORKS IN MY OFFICE. THE KILLER TARGETED A NUMBER OF PEOPLE FROM THE COURTHOUSE, AND SAM... GOT CAUGHT UP IN ALL THAT.

PLEASE, IT'S IMPORTANT TO ME.



WELL, THERE'S NOT A LOT OF GOOD NEWS AT THIS POINT. HIS EYES ARE COMPLETELY GONE.

WE'VE CLEANED THE WOUNDS, OF COURSE, AND HE'LL BE READY FOR GLASS PROSTHETICS ONCE THE SOCKETS HEAL A BIT. IF HE WANTS THEM, SOME DON'T.

SO, THAT'S IT?

NOT ENTIRELY. I DIDN'T SAY THERE WAS NO GOOD NEWS.



MR. CHUNG'S OPTIC NERVES ARE INTACT, WHICH MEANS HE MIGHT BE A CANDIDATE FOR SOME SORT OF CYBERNETIC IMPLANT. THERE'S A LOT OF WORK BEING DONE IN THAT FIELD.

IT'S ALL STILL EXPERIMENTAL, BUT THEY'VE SEEN SOME PROGRESS DISTINGUISHING LIGHT AND DARK SHAPES.



PERHAPS IN A DECADE OR SO, ASSUMING THE NERVES DON'T DETERIORATE FURTHER, HE'LL BE ABLE TO GET SOMETHING LIKE SIGHT BACK.

THE ISSUE, REALLY, IS THAT FROM WHAT WE CAN TELL HE'S... HE'S NOT A U.S. CITIZEN. HE'S NOT INSURED, AND HE DOESN'T QUALIFY FOR ANY SORT OF FEDERAL AID.

HE'LL NEED EXTREMELY EXPENSIVE THERAPY JUST TO GET BACK TO A POINT WHERE HE CAN LIVE INDEPENDENTLY.

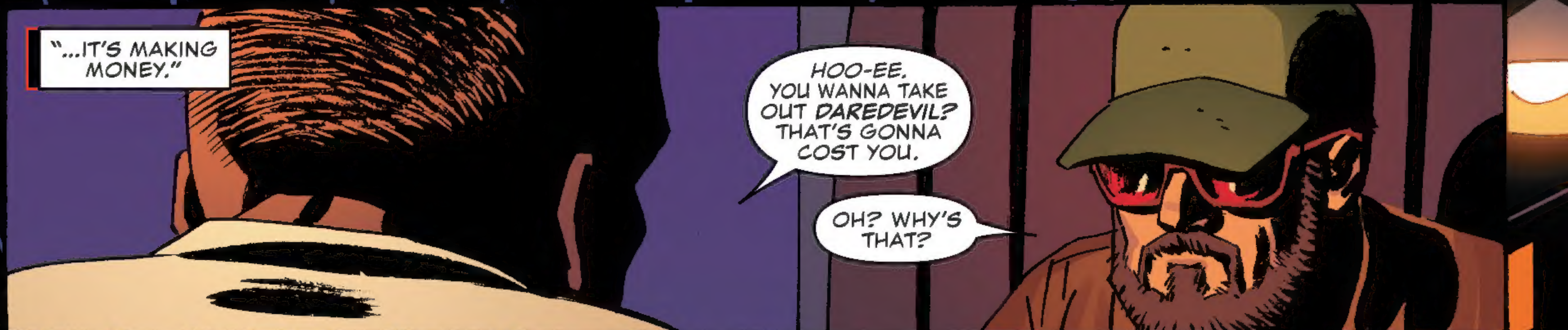
I'LL COVER IT. SEND THE BILLS TO ME.

ARE YOU SURE? THAT'S AN EXTRAORDINARY GESTURE, MR. MURDOCK, BUT WE'RE TALKING HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS HERE, MINIMUM.

I'M TOLD I'M ONE OF THE BEST LAWYERS IN NEW YORK CITY, DOCTOR.

AND IF THERE'S ONE THING LAWYERS ARE GOOD AT...





"...IT'S MAKING MONEY."

HOO-EE, YOU WANNA TAKE OUT DAREDEVIL? THAT'S GONNA COST YOU.

OH? WHY'S THAT?



YOU SEE THESE FOLKS? DAREDEVIL'S PERSONALLY BEATEN HALF OF THEM WITHIN AN INCH OF THEIR LIVES.

AND THE ONES HE DIDN'T HAVE HEARD ABOUT IT FROM THE ONES HE DID.



YOU'D NEED A REAL HEAVY HITTER TO EVEN THINK ABOUT GOING AFTER DAREDEVIL.

HEAVY HITTERS COST, MIKE. THEY COST A LOT.

THAT'S FINE.



THIS ENOUGH TO GET SOMEONE TO TAKE ON THE BIG BAD DEVIL?

Had to sell a bunch of old costumes and busted billy clubs on the collector's market to get this.

Honestly thought it would sting more than it did.



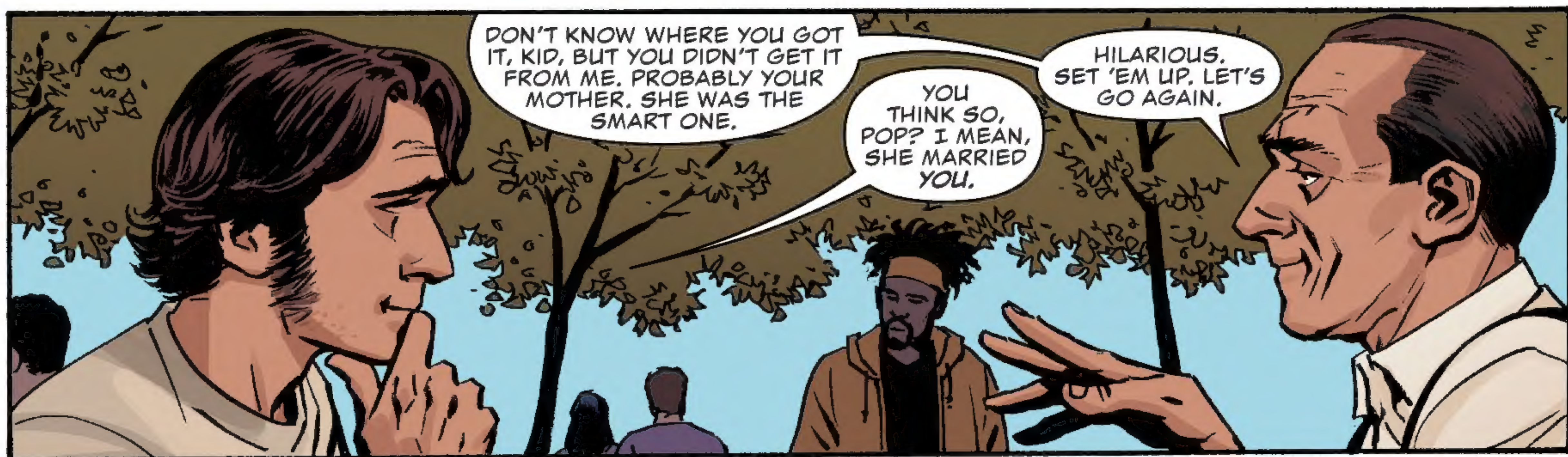
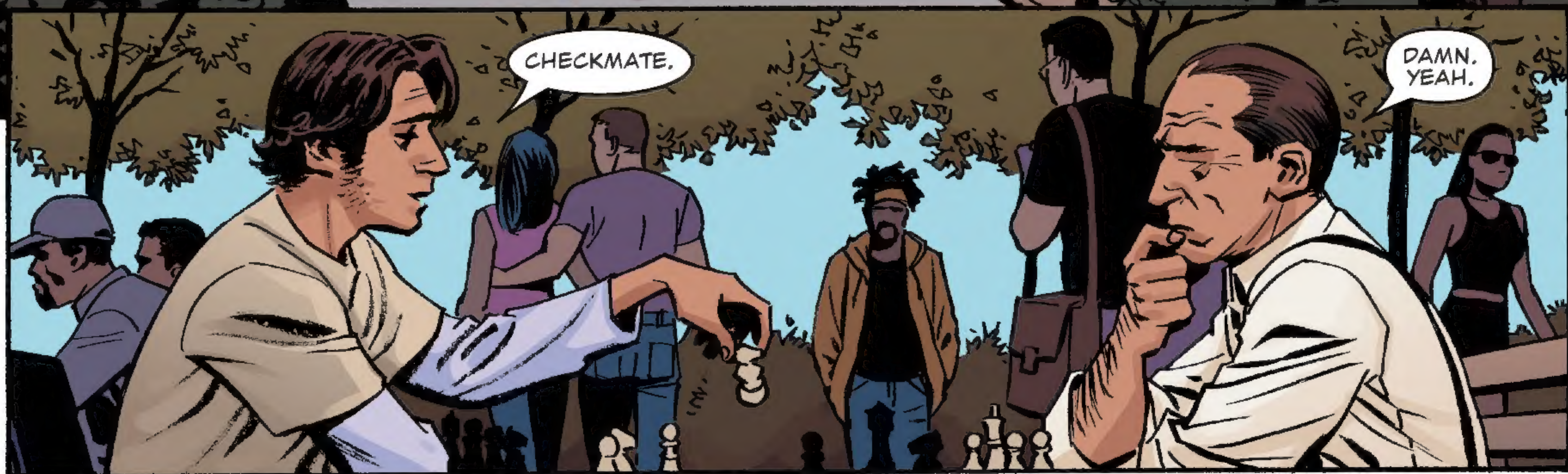
Just left me feeling light.

HOO-EE, YEAH. THAT'LL DO IT. YOU LEAVE IT TO ME, MR. MIKE...

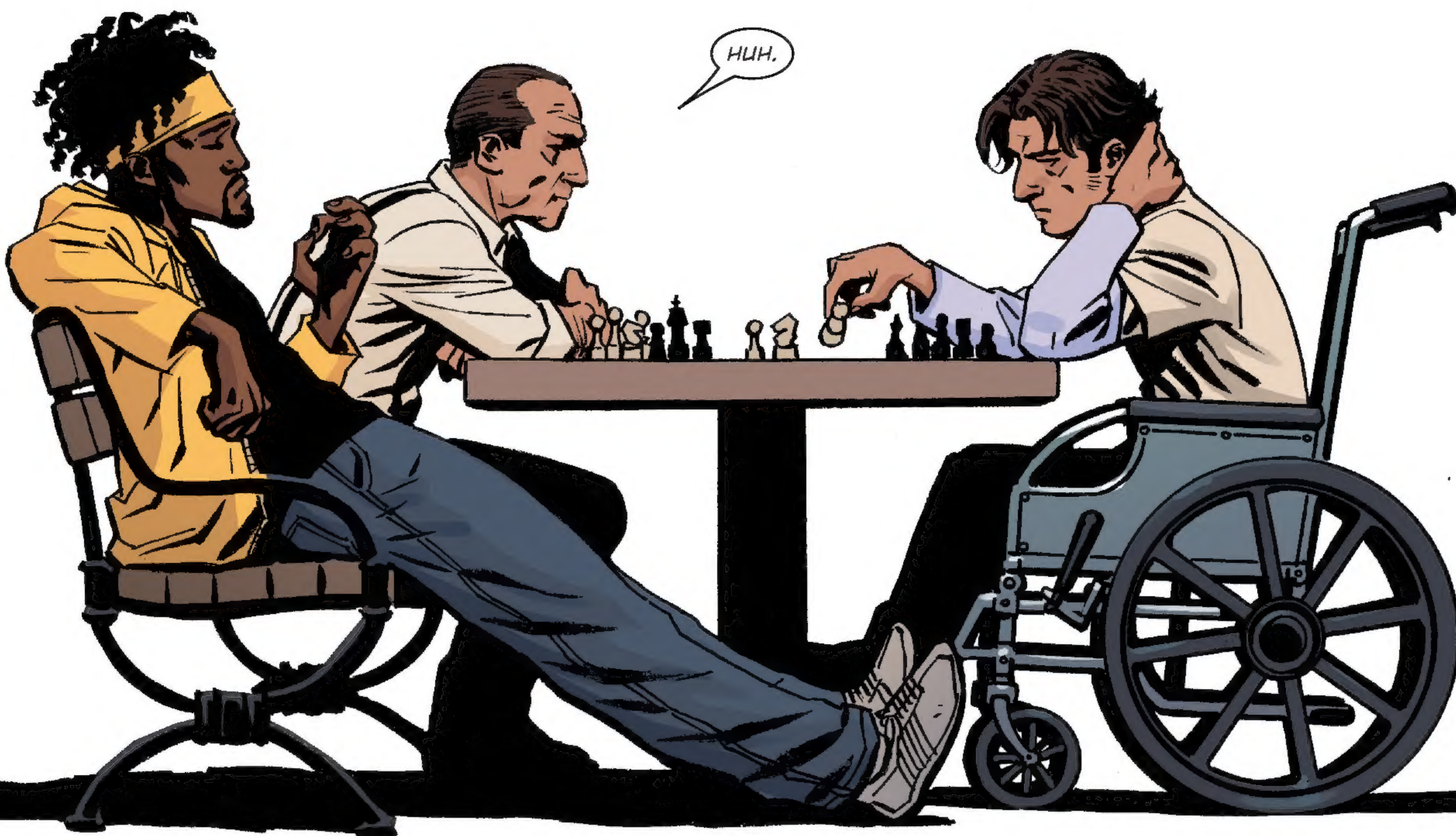
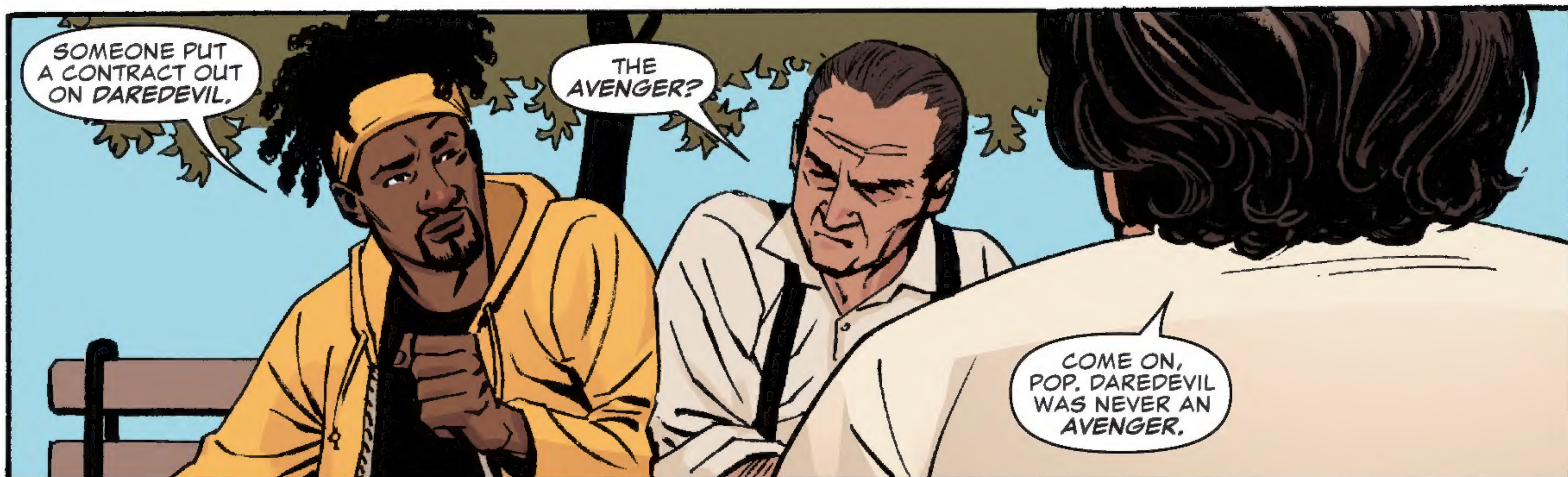


WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK.  
DAY THREE.

"...I'LL GET THE  
WORD OUT."









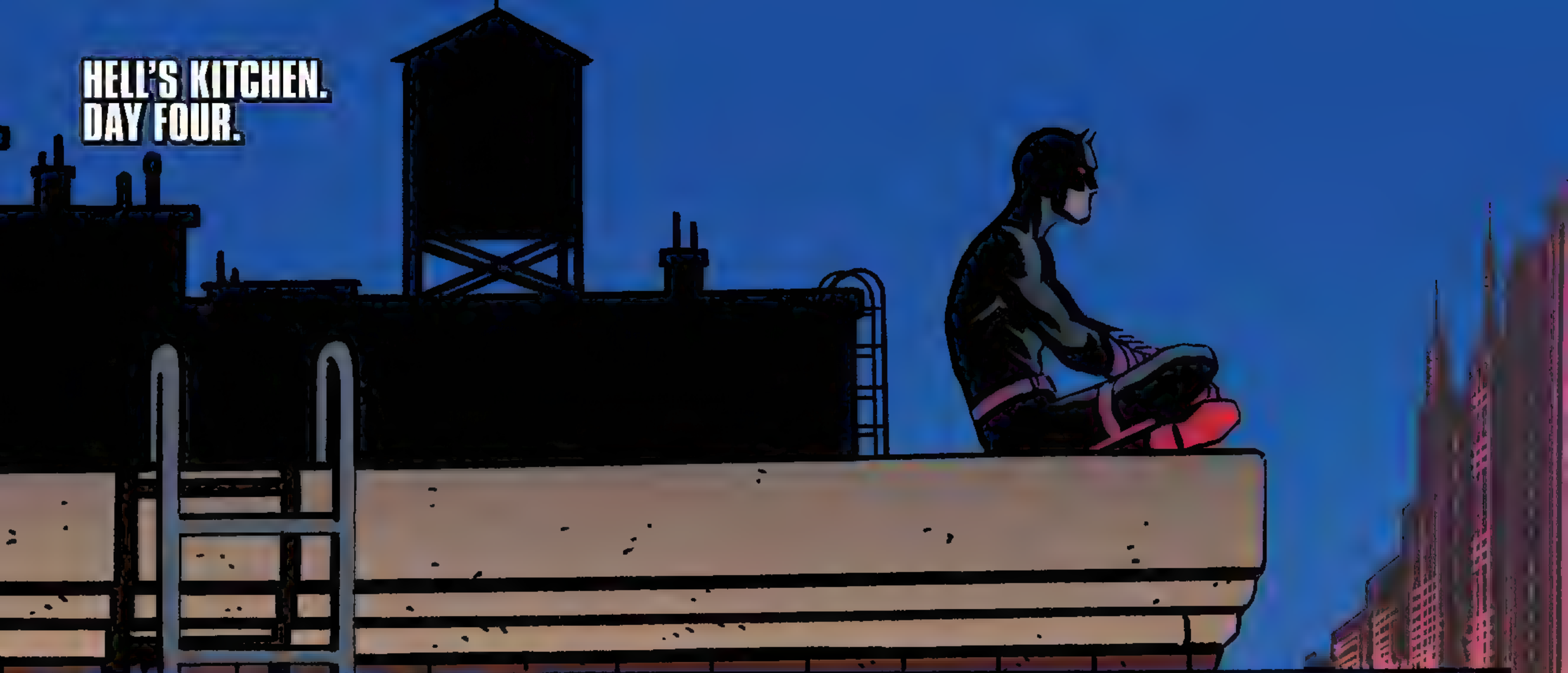








HELL'S KITCHEN.  
DAY FOUR.



WHAT'S  
HE DOING?  
IS HE DOING  
YOGA?

NO.  
I THINK HE'S  
MEDITATING.

I can hear  
you, idiots.



SHOULD  
WE...

YEAH. WE  
CAN TAKE HIM BY  
SURPRISE.

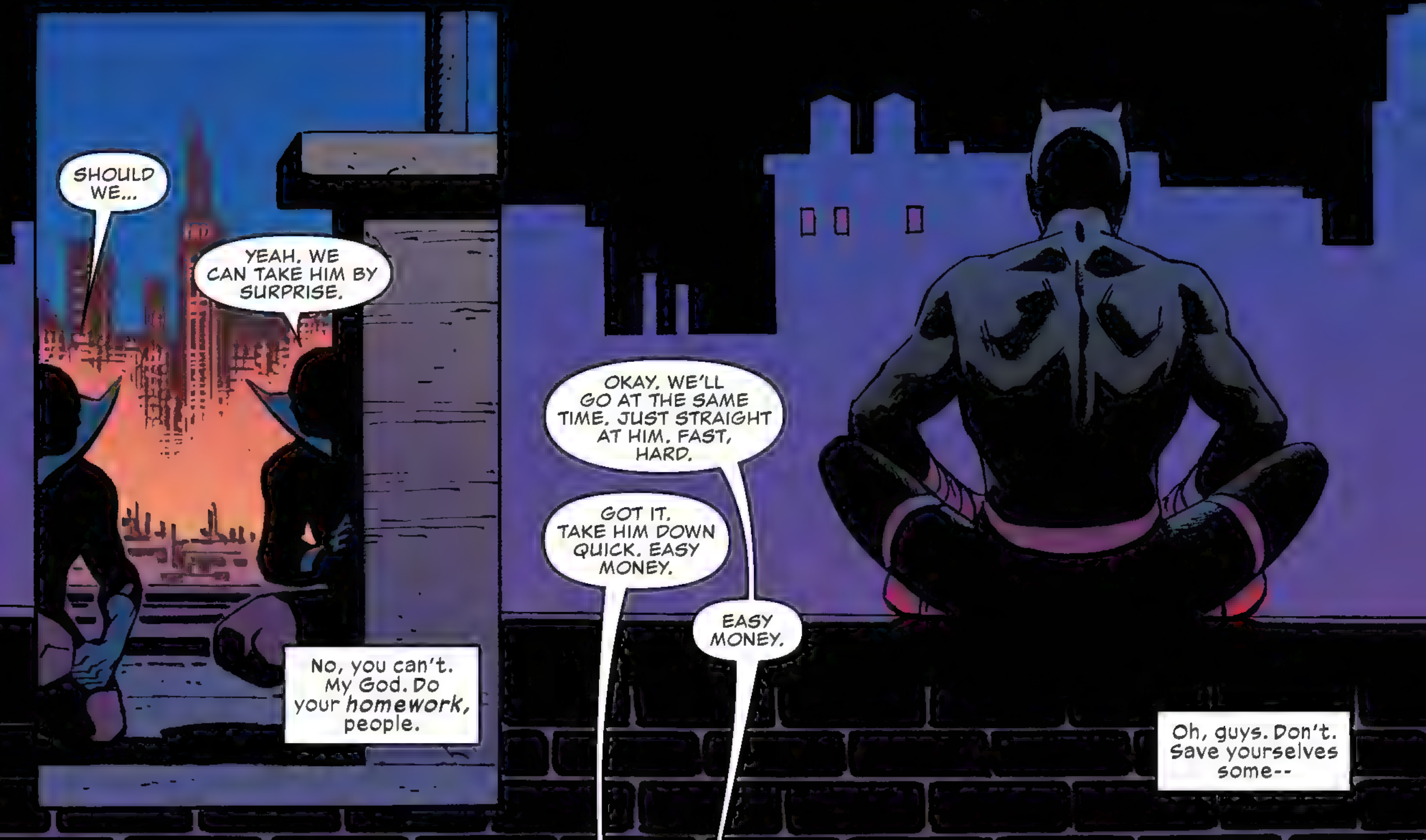
No, you can't.  
My God. Do  
your homework,  
people.

OKAY. WE'LL  
GO AT THE SAME  
TIME. JUST STRAIGHT  
AT HIM. FAST,  
HARD.

GOT IT.  
TAKE HIM DOWN  
QUICK. EASY  
MONEY.

EASY  
MONEY.

Oh, guys. Don't.  
Save yourselves  
some--





The Brothers Grimm?



Come on.



Next.







YOU CAN'T DO THIS.



YOU THINK THIS IS HOW YOUR MOMMA WOULD HAVE WANTED THINGS?

US LIVING IN THIS DUMP, YOU IN THAT CHAIR?



BUT HE'S A GOOD GUY. HE HELPS PEOPLE. YOU'RE...YOU'RE REALLY GONNA KILL HIM?

YOU KNOW WHAT I CAN DO NOW, EVER SINCE THAT DAMN GREEN CLOUD ROLLED THROUGH. I DON'T WANT TO DO IT, BUT I KNOW I CAN DO IT.

I'LL MAKE IT QUICK.



IT'LL GET US ENOUGH MONEY TO START MAKING THINGS RIGHT. WE CAN GET A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE.

HIRE A LAWYER, MAKE THE BASTARDS PAY. YOU KNOW... THE BASTARDS WHO TOOK YOUR LEGS. TOOK YOUR MOTHER.

DON'T YOU WANT THAT, STEVEN?

I...I DO, POP. YOU KNOW I DO, BUT--



YEAH. ME, TOO.



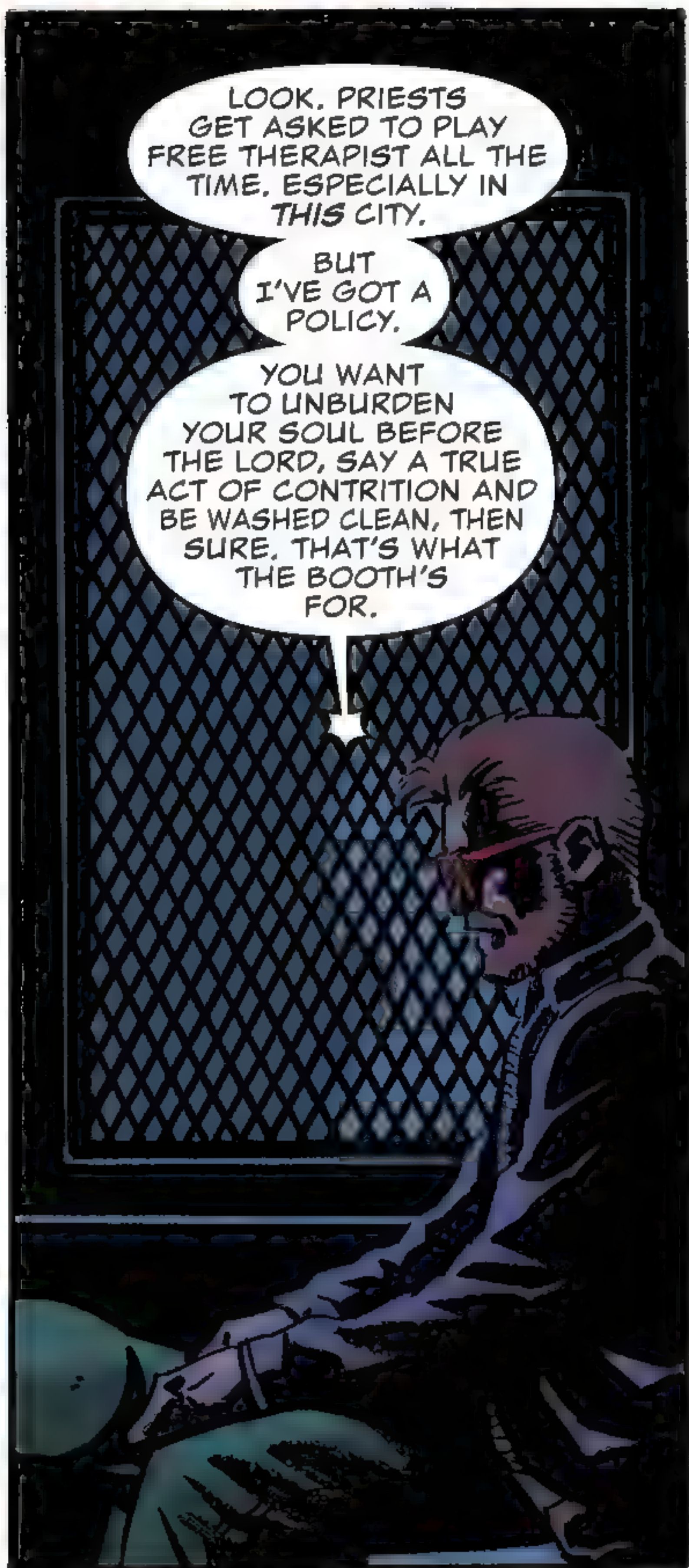






YES. I'M...  
JUST...I WAS  
HOPING PERHAPS  
WE COULD  
TALK.

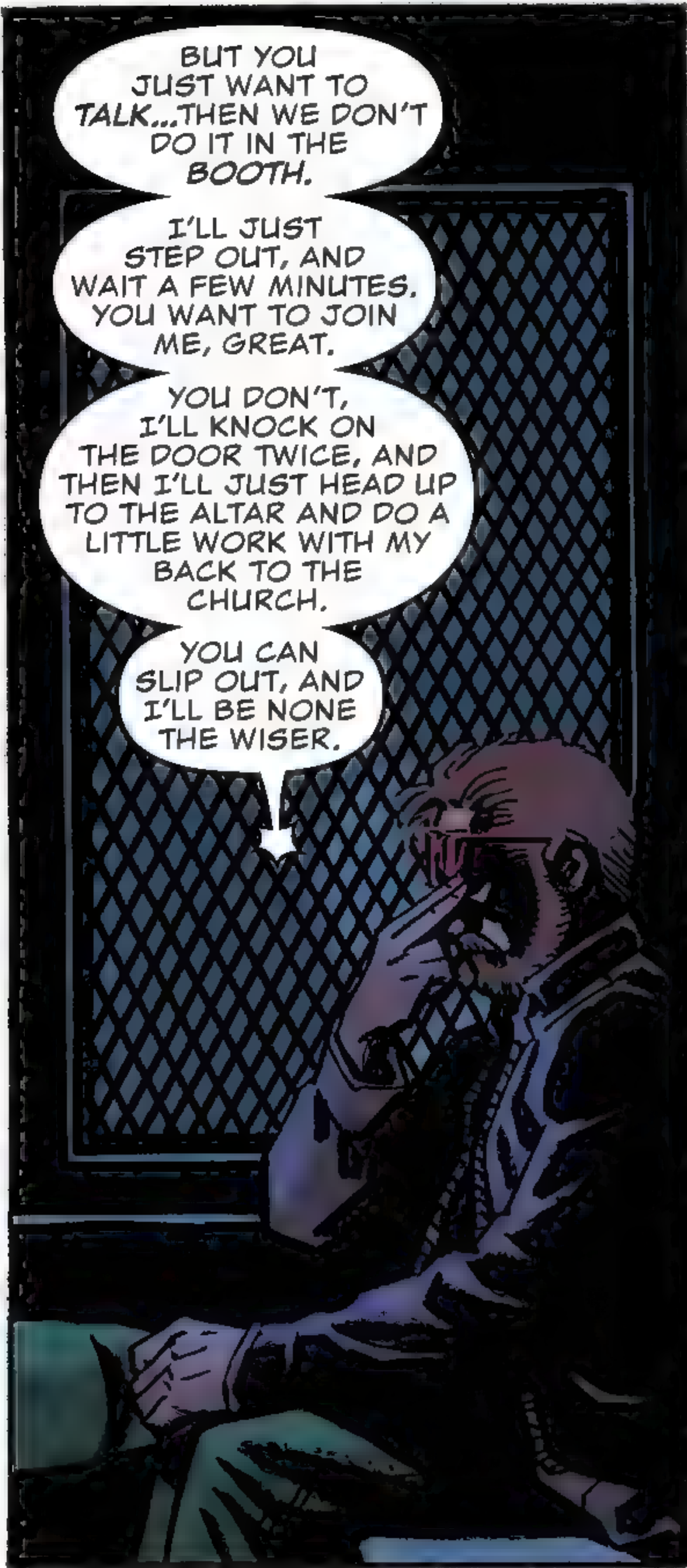
YOU  
WANT TO TALK,  
HUH?



LOOK. PRIESTS  
GET ASKED TO PLAY  
FREE THERAPIST ALL THE  
TIME, ESPECIALLY IN  
THIS CITY.

BUT  
I'VE GOT A  
POLICY.

YOU WANT  
TO UNBURDEN  
YOUR SOUL BEFORE  
THE LORD, SAY A TRUE  
ACT OF CONTRITION AND  
BE WASHED CLEAN, THEN  
SURE. THAT'S WHAT  
THE BOOTH'S  
FOR.



BUT YOU  
JUST WANT TO  
TALK...THEN WE DON'T  
DO IT IN THE  
BOOTH.

I'LL JUST  
STEP OUT, AND  
WAIT A FEW MINUTES.  
YOU WANT TO JOIN  
ME, GREAT.

YOU DON'T,  
I'LL KNOCK ON  
THE DOOR TWICE, AND  
THEN I'LL JUST HEAD UP  
TO THE ALTAR AND DO A  
LITTLE WORK WITH MY  
BACK TO THE  
CHURCH.

YOU CAN  
SLIP OUT, AND  
I'LL BE NONE  
THE WISER.



YOUR CALL.  
BUT IF YOU DON'T  
HAVE ANYTHING TO  
CONFESS...

...THEN YOU  
SHOULDN'T BE  
WORRIED ABOUT  
A LITTLE FACE-  
TO-FACE.



Huh.



DAY FIVE.

This isn't working.

I mean...nothing wrong with giving these guys a beatdown.

Honestly, this whole contract thing was a pretty good way to draw the city's costumed dirtbags out of the woodwork.

But it's not what I want.



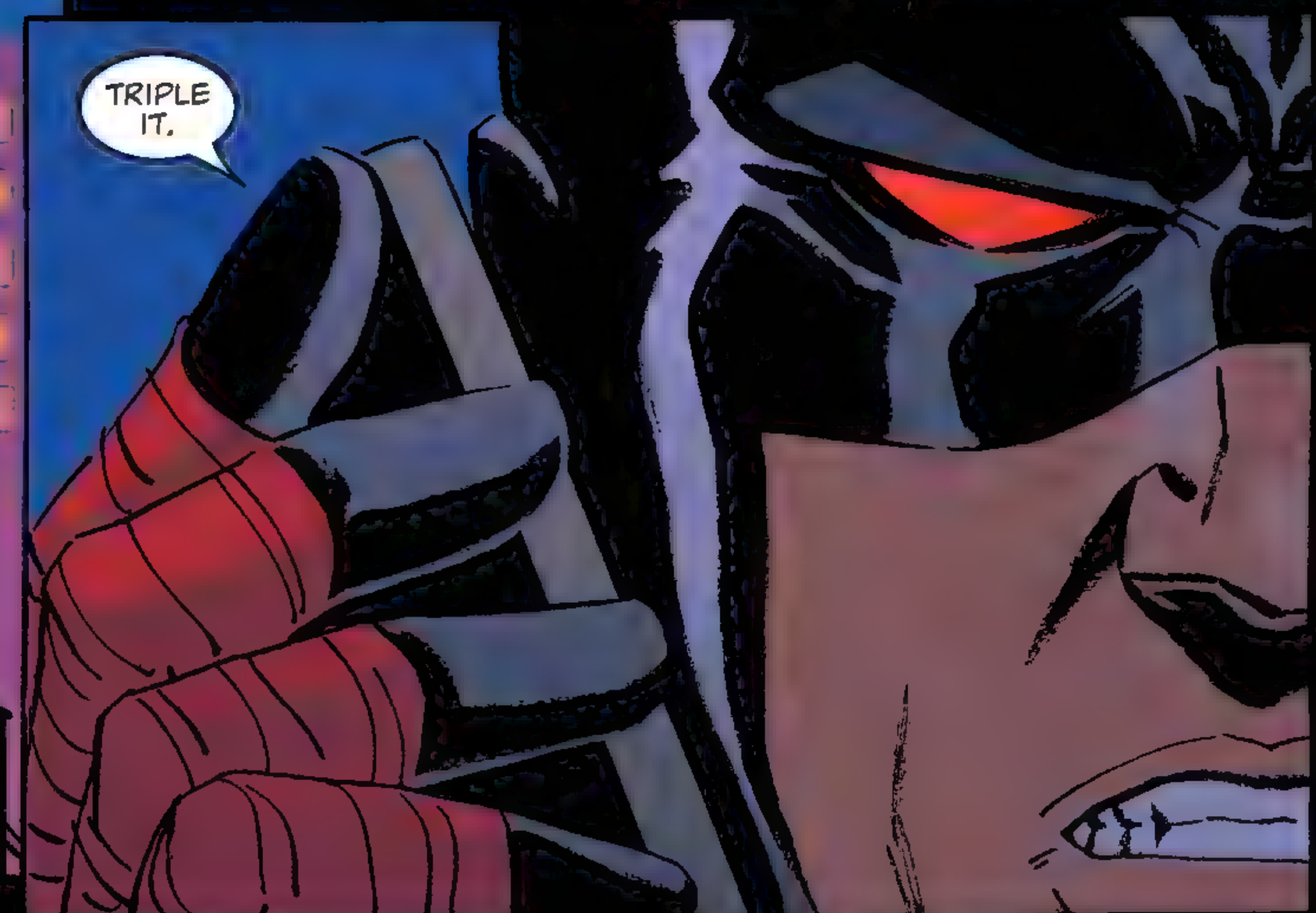
THIS ISN'T WORKING.  
IT'S JUST Z-LISTERS.



NONE OF THEM HAVE A PRAYER AGAINST DAREDEVIL.

WHAT'D I TELL YOU, MIKE? HEAVY HITTERS COST. WHAT YOU'RE PAYING... THOSE GUYS DON'T EVEN GET OUT OF BED FOR THAT.

ALL RIGHT, FREDDY.



TRIPLE IT.





HELLO THERE.  
I'M FATHER JORDAN.



SO, WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED TO TALK ABOUT?

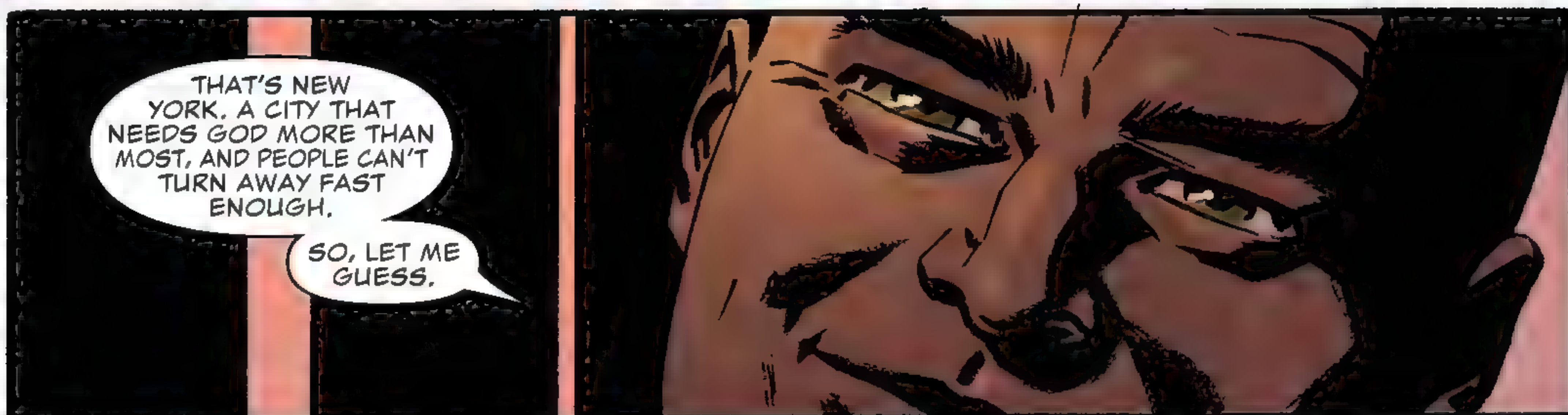
UH... I...

YOU'RE MAKING THIS MORE DIFFICULT THAN IT HAS TO BE. LET'S START WITH THE SIMPLE STUFF. ARE YOU CATHOLIC?



I WAS RAISED CATHOLIC. HEAVY. CONFIRMED, EVERYTHING.

BUT... IT'S BEEN A WHILE.



THAT'S NEW YORK. A CITY THAT NEEDS GOD MORE THAN MOST, AND PEOPLE CAN'T TURN AWAY FAST ENOUGH.

SO, LET ME GUESS.



LIFE GOT BUSY, YOU DIDN'T SEE THE POINT OF THE CHURCH, AND YOU MOVED ON.

AND NOW, SOMETHING REALLY BAD'S HAPPENED TO YOU, OR SOMEONE YOU CARE ABOUT, AND YOU WANT TO SEE IF WE CAN HELP YOU MAKE SENSE OF IT.

SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

Something like that.

MORE OR LESS.

ALL RIGHT, THE VERY NATURE OF AND REASONS FOR THE EXISTENCE OF EVIL, THEN, MY SPECIALTY. COULD TAKE A WHILE, THOUGH.

WHAT DO YOU SAY WE GO FOR A WALK? GET OUT INTO THE STREETS?

Who is this guy?

AFTER ALL, WE'RE GOING TO BE TALKING ABOUT EVIL. AND YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT NEW YORK--



DAY SIX.

"--IT'S A HELL  
OF A TOWN."

Heartbeat.  
Someone's here.

Let's see if  
upping the payout  
actually *worked*.

Who is  
this?

HEY.

Some random  
*thug*, maybe?  
Guy with a gun,  
looking to  
cash in?

But his heartbeat's  
steady as a rock.  
Going up against  
Daredevil, and he's  
not *afraid*.

I'M  
SORRY ABOUT  
THIS.

WORD IS  
YOU'RE A PRETTY  
GOOD GUY.

Why is he  
not *afr--*







# RAW



BULLSEYE.



TO BE CONTINUED...



**YOU WANT TO KNOW  
WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?***



**DON'T  
MISS**

***DAREDEVIL* #16**

WRITE TO US AT [MONDOMARVEL@MARVEL.COM](mailto:MONDOMARVEL@MARVEL.COM) AND MARK IT "OK TO PRINT."



